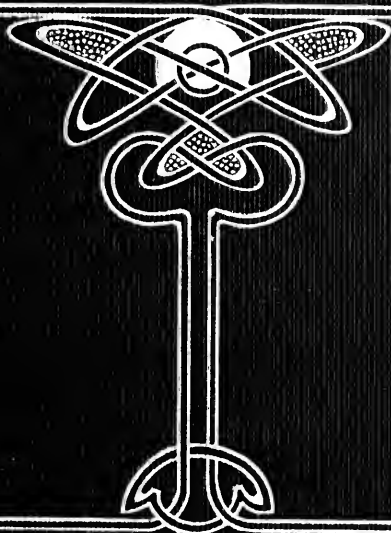


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# Songs of Creelabes



Rev. P.J. Carroll, C.S.C.



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## SONGS OF CREELABEG



# SONGS OF CREELABEG

BY  
REV. P. J. CARROLL, C.S.C.



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*To My Mother*

*Who made the morn of life so sweet  
The day is fragrant yet.*



## FOREWORD

*You who, every day, in every work to which you set your hands, pause for a little to look back over space and time to one spot your heart keeps green forever;*

*Who dream of shamrocks where the cactus grows, or fancy the fringed daisies are beneath the snow;*

*Who hear below the rumble of factories the whisper of the river, and the call of the cuckoo above the noise of cities;*

*Who grow lonely sometimes for quiet places back home where the gray dew lingers late, and where the blue-blossomed clover is sweet:*

*For you are sung these Songs of Creelabeg.*



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# SONGS OF CREELABEG



## LONESOME

Ochone, so far away I am 'tis no know-  
ing,

My Creelabeg, if I'll ever see you  
now!

'Tis Spring there in the valley, the west  
wind blowing

The turf boats home again from Bal-  
lyow.

Movrone, 'tis sad I am for the brown  
sods burning,

Of wild nights, and we wondering how  
It fares with the boats through the dark  
home returning,

Before the wintry winds from Bal-  
lyow.

Machree, could I but watch the wild  
geese flying  
Back from the gray sea over the blue  
hill's brow,  
My breath would come more easy were I  
dying,  
And they flying—flying home from  
Ballyow!

## GOING HOME

'Tis worth the score of years to be re-  
turning

Back o'er a smooth sea with a track  
of foam.

There's gray frost on the pane, a turf  
fire burning,

And young eyes watching for the  
coming home.

Ah, you'd be glad, too, to hear the en-  
gines pounding,

And you going back where white fields  
are spread.

Your heart would run before, so you'd  
soon be rounding  
The Moorna hills, behind near Kerry  
Head.

Good-bye to the city where my heart was  
pining  
For a speck of the sky, for a blade of  
dewy grass!  
In Creelabeg there's a gentle sun a-  
shining  
Between the showers that dance for  
you and pass.

Ah, Creelabeg! I can't live on without  
you,  
So I'm going back, with Christmas in  
the air.

I went from you, but never did I doubt  
you,—

Put fresh turf on, dears: I will soon  
be there!

## EQUALITY

Full many lie in lowly graves,  
    With never grassy mound above them;  
Or sleep uncoffined in the waves,  
    Afar from those at home that love  
        them.

A few whom fickle Glory wins,  
    Whose deeds are writ for worlds to  
        con them,  
Have tombs in which are hid their sins,  
    With all their virtues chiselled on  
        them.

But e'en the thickness of the tomb  
    Shall dread Corruption pierce to find  
        them;

He does not spare the thrice-sealed  
gloom

Because men leave a name behind  
them.

## THE EXILED DEAD

They sleep where Southern breezes  
blow—

No bard is left to tell their story,—  
Or where the mountains crowned with  
snow

Shall never lose their virgin glory.

They lie in lone forgotten field

Where tyrants' chains were rent asunder;  
der;

And, O wild Ocean, could you yield

The white bones that are scattered  
under,

You would give back unfinished lives  
To her whose widowed heart is broken,—  
The vows of lovers, prayers of wives,  
Whose last farewells were never  
spoken.

Be mute, ye banished ones who lie  
With neither mound nor tomb above  
you!  
The ocean breezes round you sigh,  
And God's sweet angels guard and  
love you.

## THE FAREWELL

*The railway station of a large Western city. Kathleen, going back to Ireland, is saying good-bye to her young brother, Maurice, whom she promises to send for in the spring.*

### KATHLEEN

The smoke of factories, hiding sun and  
sky

Through all the lonesome day,—yes, that  
is why

I'm going back. To live in this wild city  
All the slow years, nor ever hear the  
ditty

The happy thrush sings o'er the late  
June grass:

That's why my heart is pining. So I  
pass  
From out these sunless streets to fields  
I know,  
Where shamrocks lie beneath the daisy  
snow.

MAURICE

Ah, sister, and you'll hear the gull's  
sharp call  
Far out to sea, from the cliffs of Aher-  
fall!

KATHLEEN

And, dear, 'tis sorry I am you can not  
come,  
That your poor ears must hear the dizzy  
hum  
Of wheels within the black, unlovely  
building;

That you will long in vain for the sun  
that's guilding  
The cross of Athery. And so good-bye,  
Brother of mine, your life in the morn!  
Don't cry,  
My own! I'll surely send for you in  
spring,  
When the daisies show, when hiding  
cornerakes fling  
The dew from off their backs. Remember,  
love,  
When your young heart is breaking, see  
above  
This smoke, the sky of Creelabeg, the  
Deel  
Mad-leaping down the rocks for woe, for  
weal,  
To mother sea. Ah, thus she calleth  
thee,

My blue-heart stream, as Ireland calleth  
me!

My soul is there already. Lovely earth,  
Green Ireland, where the fairies had  
their birth,

The kind South soothes thee with her  
wind's caress;

The chanting sea doth sprinkle thee and  
bless,

With violet mist, adown each valleyed  
aisle,

As brief clouds veil the sky and the good  
sun's smile!

#### MAURICE

Will you think of me when you see the  
wild geese flying

In wedges to the west where the sun lies  
dying?

KATHLEEN

Don't doubt, *machree*; though now you  
do not come,

O you'll come, surely, when the brown  
bees hum

Above the wheat field in the young  
spring greening;

When the white-thorn bush, down o'er  
the flush pond leaning,

Drinks up the sap and feels the wine of  
life!

Don't let your heart down, though the  
maddening strife

Beat at your senses all the smoky day.

O dream of Creelabeg and Creela Bay;

The salt wind laughing up the Deel; the  
fog

Shrouding with mantle dark the heather  
bog

Who toil in yellowing fields the day, and  
then,

And, brother, listen: through the fog and  
foam

And the heart in me will pine that you  
are pining.

With heads out-thrust, to the marsh  
fields behind

And, Maurice dear, I'll keep the brown

Till you are home again in showery  
spring,  
When flush streams flow to sea a-mur-  
muring!

MAURICE

O sister mine, and soon your hands will  
catch  
The soft, warm rain a-dripping from  
the thatch!  
You'll mock the cuckoo from the alder  
calling  
At the edge of night, when the early dew  
is falling!

KATHLEEN

Hush, dear! The time is now! Ah, so I  
press  
My lips to yours! I grudge my happi-  
ness,

And you with moist eyes dreaming hour  
on hour

Of the heath hills and the wind of Ahen-  
dour!

And know, dear brother, God loves Ire-  
land best,

For she's been always meek when sor-  
row-pressed.

While yet a maid she was wedded unto  
Grief;

True wife was she, nor ever sought relief  
Down the great years. All the fair chil-  
dren born

Of her have felt the thong of hate and  
scorn;

Yet have they loved her in the foggy  
dawn,

In the hot noon, and when the young  
stars shone.

Then, when her husband Grief unlovely  
grew,  
The kind God in His golden heaven  
knew,  
And sent Grief's sister, Joy, to charm  
her pain,  
Till Grief unlovely, lovely grew again.

MAURICE

'Tis far to there,—and will you hear my  
call  
Above the Kerry wind and the water-  
fall?

KATHLEEN

I'll hear, and send for you when the  
Shannon wide  
Is songless 'neath the weight of April  
tide;

When o'er the drills the buds begin to  
show,  
And healing showers bring back the vanished glow  
To the land's face. Don't let your heart  
doubt, love;  
For surely, in the spring, the clouds  
above  
The Galty mountains will refresh your  
eyes,  
When you are home, and under Irish  
skies—  
O hush, *machree*! It is the panting  
train!

MAURICE

Ah, the foggy days until we meet again!

## TOM

Ay, he was one o' the Force, was  
Tom,  
So tall in his suit o' blue,  
You'd stop at the crossin'  
Where he was a-bossin'  
The job the mornin' through!

The people o' town were fond o' Tom,  
For he was obligin' an' kind.  
'Twas Tom here an' Tom there,  
'Twas Tom everywhere;  
But Tom, sure he didn't mind.

A big man with a big heart was Tom—  
Ay, that's the truth this day!  
But the big an' the small  
Must answer the call,  
When the hour comes to march away.

How great he looked in the hospital  
bed—  
An oak blown down in the dark!  
“ 'Tis hard pullin'—I doubt  
If I'll ever pull out,”  
Tom whispered to Sister Mark.

The priest, he came an' anointed Tom,  
An' “heard him,” an' helped him  
pray.  
“Now,” said Tom, “an' I go  
'Tis all aequal; I know  
I'm right with the Lord this day!”

Well, the boys were there when they  
buried Tom—

I'm manin' the min in blue.

“Tom, we'd like you to sleep

Where the shamrocks keep,”

Said the priest—an' thim words were  
true.

Mo boucail, Tom, you've a rest from the  
beat

Down there where the dust is fine!

Sleep aisy, Machree,

Sure your Guard'an will see

You don't lose your place in the line!

## THE ALTAR BOY

A dark sky, a gray rain,  
    Boy lips set in smile;  
Marching feet to organ beat,  
    Of children down the aisle.  
“Farewell,” murmured the priest,  
    “Boy of the altar band;  
You served inside the altar rail,  
You lighted torch, you lifted veil—  
    You almost touched His hand!”

A small grave, a still place,  
    Where cedars wave farewell.  
Bees will hum when June days come,  
    Winds will sink and swell.

Safe home, O altar lad,  
    Boy of the surplice band!  
For aye to serve inside the rail,—  
With stars for torches, sky for veil,—  
    For aye to touch His hand!

## MY HEAVEN

Dear Mother of God, to that far heaven  
of thine

I dare not hope to reach;  
Bowed with the memory of these sins  
of mine,  
A lesser I beseech.

I do not ask such crowning as thy stars,  
Nor the gold-dust at thy feet;  
O just to hear, far-coming, the faint  
bars  
Of angel music sweet.

Among the least, where in my lowliness  
    'Tis fitting I should be,  
From there—a humbler heaven—thy  
    blessedness  
I am content to see.

## WADING

Lord, little it matters how narrow the  
span

Of the river I cross to Thee:

The palm is not meted to any man

For the years since his weary wade be-  
gan

Through this river he wades like me.

'Tis the ceaseless fight 'gainst the cur-  
rent's flow

That is writ in that Heart of Thine;  
And the bleeding feet from the rocks  
below,

And the hands benumbed from the blasts  
that blow,  
That are healed by Thy touch benign.

Lord, light me along: the mid-river is  
deep,  
The shallows lie near the shore;  
My failing footsteps from gliding keep  
With the adverse currents that round me  
sweep,  
Till I've waded life's river o'er.

## DEAR CHRIST

Dear Christ, You left Your paradise

To wash away our sin:

We barred the doors against You,

Christ,

And would not let You in.

Dear Christ, You would abide with us—

But, ah, there was no room!

We nailed You to a cross, dear Christ,

And left You in the gloom.

## THE WRECKS OF DEPARTED YEARS

Low in the depths of the murmuring  
sea

Lie buried the wrecks of departed  
years;

And betimes, when the moon through  
the storm-cloud peers,

Above the night wind the mariner  
hears

The wails of the coffinless dead at sea.

Under the waves of the sea of life

The ghosts of humanity, sin-wrecked,  
sleep;

And anon when meek saints their  
vigils keep,  
They hear the angels in heaven weep  
For the sunken souls in the sea of life.

## THE RICHES OF POVERTY

You up there in your gilded hall,  
With glitter of lights  
'Mid revel of nights,  
Think you have life, love, happiness—  
all.

I, down here at my cottage door,  
Would not take your gold  
Nor your gems untold  
For my babe that plays on this earthen  
floor.

## BY THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND

Crooning winds round a naked tree,  
Lowering clouds and a swish of rain:  
Sleep on! Not all sad minstrelsy  
Will wake you back to my life again.

Dank leaves sunk in sodden grass,  
Tree arms heavy with fallen rain,—  
The sun, the cloud will come, will pass:  
You will not come to my life again.

Gusts of wind and a dreary day,  
The clinging cold of November rain:  
The buds will spring with a future May,  
But you—not you to my life again!

## A JUNE DREAM

The garden is summer-sweet with roses

    This golden June;

The bee buzzes above where the lizard  
    reposes

    This slumberous hour of noon.

The sky is up near heaven,

    With never a cloud to soil its face of  
    blue.

'Tis so warm and still to-day that even

    The spangled butterfly will scarce flit  
    away from you.

Now the soul is at peace; and Fancy,  
    dreaming

    Of cooling shade,

Weaves a web of song out of the seem-  
ing,—

For so all songs are made.

Our God is tender and good

To give us the sun and the sky and the  
summer long,

And, in a silent hour, the mood

Of regret for a vanished hour that  
finds its relief in song.

## THE CALL TO DERRY

### A VISION IN THE ABBEY

#### I

'Tis quiet within, where mosses cling to  
sunken stones,  
Where tall weeds blossom in summer  
above dissolving bones.  
The Angel Silence invites us, ere the  
doors are bolted fast,  
To leave the noisy Present and visit the  
dreaming Past.

#### II

Dark and vacant niches in walls grown  
old and gray;  
A chancel filled with echoes—the psalms  
of a vanished day;

The smoke of incense rolling from cen-  
sers that will not rust,  
Swung by spirit hands that never can  
fall into dust;  
Lights ablaze on altars carved of the  
poet's dream:  
The heavy hours of the real melt into the  
hours that seem.

### III

Out of their graves arise the monks that  
have slumbered long,—  
They who chastened the harsh, wild  
ways of our fathers strong:  
Colman, the man of learning; Columba,  
the maker of song;  
They who taught Toil's blessing to many  
a savage race,

Spending the night in riotous wassail,  
the day in the chase,—  
Teuton and Saxon and Dane and Briton  
with painted face.

IV

Not saints of conventional nimbus with  
vision-lifted eyes,  
But men who battled for man, and  
taught mankind to rise.  
Brave with the force of truth, although  
a truth should sting,  
Driving a bandit back, rebuking a lecher-  
ous king.  
They sit in stalls long vacant, and sing  
from the sacred page  
Psalms that have quickened with feeling  
the pulse of peasant and sage:  
Columba and Gall and Colman,—the  
lights of a bygone age.

The psalms are ended now, and down the  
aisle

Columba glides, bard of the sainted  
band,

Who from Ionian exile many a mile  
Yearned over-seas for haunting Derryland.

He glances where we stand in shadow  
dim;

His gray eyes yearn as when they  
searched the sea,

From the land's white edge to the horizon's rim,

To catch one glimpse, fair Derryland,  
of thee!

“O brothers, I am waiting all the years—  
My bones in dusty darkness, O so  
long!—

Till out of Time one rose-red Dawn ap-  
pears,  
And all this land will quicken unto  
song!

“When the old days of Freedom shall  
return,  
And men shall walk anew highways  
of light;  
On every cairn triumphant fires will  
burn,  
To glorify the waking out of night.

“When cowléd monks again will ponder  
o’er  
High truths to light the searchings of  
the race;

Scholars aflame will hither as of yore,  
And Knowledge find in her accustomed  
place.

“Great Malachy and Brian,—they are  
gone,  
And all the old kings of a kingly race.  
Of all the silvered bards that sang, not  
one  
Is left to sing the new day large with  
grace.

“And thou, my Derry, kissed by a sky  
serene,  
Which oft my gray eyes yearned to  
gaze upon,  
Thou hast forgot the dark-haired  
mother-queen  
Who loved and nourished thee in ages  
gone.

“O Derryland, thou nursling of the sea,  
Thou hast forgot thy sons of olden  
days,  
Ere yet the Saxon came and ravished  
thee,  
And turned thy footsteps into narrow-  
ing ways!

“Thy brave O’Neill, O’Donnell, Owen  
Roe,—  
The knightliest men that ever belted  
sword!  
Thou hast forgot their valorous deeds,  
and lo,  
To thy white heart dost clasp an alien  
horde!

“The Dawn will break, and her fair  
children all  
Will sing once more the pæan of lib-  
erty—

Meath, Wexford, Limerick, blue-hilled  
Donegal;  
But thou, my Derry,—wilt thou silent  
be?"

## VI

Gloom and spirit silence, the red sun low  
in the sky,  
Rooks with heads out-thrust seeking  
their nests hard by;  
Ancient tombs, a chancel, pillars fallen  
and gray,  
Figures carved on stone, and great  
names worn away.  
The sainted monks have vanished, the  
hour of prayer is spent,  
And eager Fancy follows the way of the  
dead they went.

But the Angel Hope remains through the  
watches of all the night,  
While hovers dark-winged Doubt, then  
vanishes out of sight.  
Hope watches the trembling East for the  
rose to redden the sky,  
When Derry shall wake to the light of a  
day that shall not die.

## JOHNEEN

There's ten o' ye now, an' twenty long  
years in between

From Maurice, the man o' the house, to  
little Johnneen;

But I wouldn't part one, not for all the  
rich pearls of a queen.

Ah, my heart craves ye all!  
For ye light up the gloom o' the place,  
Like Our Lord lit the dark o' the cave  
by the light of His face.

Yes, ten o' ye all, an' Maurice as tall as  
a pine;

Then Mary, come Candlemas Day, will  
be finishin' nine;

An' Johneen—O come lay your little  
heart here against mine!

Yeh, 'tis I loves ye all:  
Maurice an' Mike an' Kathleen,  
An', pulse o' my heart, yourself, my  
little Johneen!

When the house does be empty the long,  
lonesome stretch o' the day,  
With only Johneen in the cradle a-sleep-  
in' away,

The tears do come down from my eyes,  
an' I tryin' to pray!

O I dream o' ye all,  
An' the crosses God sends, an' our  
needs—

Sweet Saviour, forgive me!—ye come  
between me an' the Beads.

But, thank God, sure ye're hearty an'  
brimful of innocent joys,  
An' o' nights round the kitchen ye fill  
up the house with yer noise.

Virgin Pure keep ye innocent always, my  
girls and my boys!

Ah, I've mothered ye all  
Down those twenty long years in be-  
tween,  
From Maurice, who stoops at the door,  
to little Johneen!

## WHEN THE WEATHER'S GRAY

When the weather's gray, and clouds are  
raining, raining,

O weave a dream of Summer into a  
song!

Then what to thee the trees to winds  
complaining?

The dawn is in thy heart, the day is  
long.

When the weather's gray, O think of the  
glad lark singing

Above the clouds, just below the an-  
gels' feet!

Think of the lavish rose to the desert  
flinging

Her gift of incense: still is the good  
rose sweet.

Keep light within thy heart, thy head  
uplifted:

The sleeping buds will wake at the  
touch of May;

The sky's face will be blue when clouds  
are drifted,—

Keep hope within thy heart when the  
weather's gray.

## TEARS AND BLOOD

Mid the golden sheaves of his harvest  
field,

He hears the call from far.

Then goes, himself to be the yield,

Of the blood-smeared reaper War.

Then here's to War, rough-visaged,  
grim,

Whose widows trail the years!

O drink, ye kings! you've filled it brim,—

The sparkling cup of tears!

On a blackened land, for its million dead,

He dreams of his fields afar.

The stark, still corpses round him spread

Are the sheaves of the reaper War.

Then here's to War, blood-spattered,  
grim,

Begot of a mad king's mood!

O drink, ye kings, who've filled it brim,  
The red, red cup of blood!

## SHANAGOLDEN

Calm sea, thy sweet breath's over  
Shanagolden,

My dream hill, set with daisies Spring  
has brought;

Home of a hoary bard in ages olden,  
Who left his land a legacy of thought.

He saw sage kings where daisies white  
are growing

In Shanagolden by the big sea's edge;  
He spoke with saints where yonder herds  
are lowing,

Their glossy necks high thrust above  
the hedge.

He walked with queens down the slopes  
of Shanagolden,

When queens wore purple in a regal  
isle.

Now sleep they 'neath the oaks, vine-  
girt and olden;

And o'er their dust the regal violets  
smile.

O Shanagolden, hill of youthful dream-  
ing,

My Winter hither flies on darkling  
wing!

But, Shana-land, the daisies fringed are  
gleaming

O'er thy dream slopes. Ah, there 'tis  
always Spring!

## TO-DAY

O Father, guide these faltering steps to-day,

Lest I should fall!

To-morrow? Ah, to-morrow's far  
away,—

To-day is all.

If I but keep my feet till evening time,

Night will bring rest;

Then, stronger grown, to-morrow I shall  
climb

With newer zest.

O may I stoop to no unworthiness,  
In pain or sorrow,  
Nor bear from yesterday one bitterness  
On to to-morrow!

Then, Father, help these searching eyes  
to-day  
The path to see;  
Be patient with my feebleness,—the way  
Is steep to Thee!

## A MEMORY

A grassy grave, an ivied wall,  
The gold of an Autumn day;  
Leaves in the listless winds that fall,  
Flitting butterfly, robin call,  
A far sky streaked with gray.

A lonely grave o'er treasured bones,  
A heart that will not beat;  
The sun on the lizard adrowse on the  
stones,  
Sentinel pines, the slumberous tones  
Of insects in the heat.

An unmarked grave in a sunny place,  
    With gold on every leaf.  
Time, too, left thee the Autumn grace  
Of gold in the heart and sun on the  
    face—  
But Autumn all too brief!

## THE OLD LOVE

'Twas cloudy an' chill the mornin' I  
married my John,  
In gray Knockanare;  
But the sun was deep down in my heart  
when the priest made us one,  
With pledges an' blessin' an' prayer.  
I promised I'd love an' obey;  
An' John, that he'd love an' be true.  
O we loved, we were true, an' the  
gray  
Of an old love, like an old wine, is  
rarer than new!

The feet o' the rain were a-dance at the  
cross o' the road,  
As I went by his side;  
An' the heart in me danced out o' joy,  
like the rain, till there glowed  
The blush that my heart couldn't hide.  
For I'd promised I'd love an' obey,  
An' John, that he'd love an' be true.  
O we loved, we were true, an' the gray  
Of an old love, like an old wine, is  
richer than new!

The sun was bright gold on the mornin'  
I buried my John,  
In gray Knockanare;  
But the rain was deep down in my heart,  
for I knew he was gone  
When the priest said the blessin' an'  
prayer.

Then I promised my John where he lay,  
That for all the long years I'd be true.  
O I love, O I'm true; for the gray  
Of an old love, like an old wine, is  
stronger than new!

## THE ROSE GIRL

She struggles about in the crowded  
places,

Pauses a moment and proffers one;  
She heeds not the stare of a thousand  
faces,

But calls out roses till all are gone.

Homeward at last when the hot day  
closes,

Her young face clouded with child  
regret:

Sorrow not, maiden, though gone thy  
roses,

Their fragrance lingers about thee  
yet!

## MOTHER ERIN

'Tis not rich you are: no jewels shine in  
your hair;

Your face is pinched, *machree*, your  
hands are bare;

Your voice that rang silver sweet in sun-  
nier years

Is buried deep in your heart—below  
your tears.

Your dark eyes search the sea for the  
sons of your breast

Who sailed down Kerry Head away to  
the West.

You watch the rim of the sea till your  
tired eyes burn,  
For the men who sailed away, but never  
return.

You're gray, movrone: the wrinkles  
fret your face;  
Care has crippled your feet and stolen  
your grace.  
How in ages gone you leaped down the  
ridges green,  
Your great eyes shining like the stars,  
my Queen!

'Tis scarred you are from the battles for  
holy Truth,  
Which Patrick brought you in your vir-  
gin youth.

You've clung to Truth, with your eyes  
on Calvary,  
And mothered the scattered Race of  
Eternity.

We love you, mother *machree*, for the  
shames you've borne  
For the love of shining Truth, all your  
white flesh torn.  
We kiss the prints of the lash across  
your face,  
Our own dear Erin, mother of the race!

## DREAM SONG

A mellow sun within the heart when  
days

Are wet and dark;

Still fields to wander where the footsteps  
raise

The sleeping lark;

Stars flung with lavish hand across the  
sky;

And memories strong

Of happy hours, that back in life's dawn  
lie,

When every hedge was sweet with  
flower and song.

A million suns lie just beyond the hill  
Where the dream child looks;  
A million songs in river deeps are still  
Unsung in books.  
The heart will pant for heather field and  
sun  
And houseless plain:  
We sing because we must, like streams  
that run  
Down the waste hills to join the misty  
main.

## WHEN YOU ARE OLD

When you are old, may all your memories

Be fragrant of the scent

Of holy deeds: pains you have tried to ease,

And helping to the spent;

Serene indifference to what gossips tell,

More laggard than sloth to herald

The shame of one above the clouds who fell

From star-height to our world.

When you're grown old, God grant your  
    memories be  
Of justice, gentle speech,  
White truth and tolerance; vast charity  
For all men—and for each.

## LOOKING BACK

A wide field and a west wind blowing  
At Boherana, place of sun and  
dreams;  
And 'tis I that wish this day that I were  
going  
Back there where rushes bend to kiss  
the streams.

A heart-ache for the thrush and young  
clover,  
Where child feet make rings on the  
gray dew.

One morn to the day,—heigh-ho, 'tis  
over,  
And all your dreams won't bring it  
back to you!

## A NEW YEAR'S WISH

God keep your feet in paths where  
sounds

Of quiet laughter come;

Where robins linger longest; where  
abounds

A wealth of green, tree-murmur, in-  
sect-hum.

God keep your heart unruffled when you  
feel

The fret of circumstance,

Lest any smallness you may witness  
steal

A tithe of your large sympathy, per-  
chance.

God give you, at the close of day, His  
heaven;

But not, dear friend, too soon!

So much to do, your all has not been  
given:

'Tis still, dear friend, the early after-  
noon.

## REAPING

At dawn, when you awake, a new day  
given,

Rise and make haste to field; perhaps  
your Heaven

Must be achieved before again you  
sleep.

Then be not laggard: this is your day  
to reap!

Stay close to field this morn: accusing  
years

May point to trampled stems and scat-  
tered ears.

Keep up your heart, your harvest still  
is growing;  
Then reap this day: ah, tomorrow  
there's no knowing!

Oh, reap, nor count the sheaves! Some  
other field  
May promise to your sickle larger yield.  
Reward is in the striving, not the gain;  
God weighs the love and not the store of  
grain!

## MONA'S MESSAGE

The south wind flung her veil of haze  
across

The face of Carrig—silent hill where  
kings

In purple lie below the hoary moss!

Where many a night the priestly ocean  
sings

Sad requiems for a royal dead who hold  
No kingly council more in halls of gold!

Young Mona, dark-eyed, sailing to the  
west,

Where lie the fields of plenty, keeps  
her eyes

On fading Ireland, till they fondly rest  
On Carrig hill. A thousand memories  
rise  
For the dear slopes that regal ashes  
keep,  
For kingly heads so still in centuried  
sleep!

A gull, with waving wings from the far  
sea

Returning, floats beside the stately  
ship.

“Dear bird,” calls Mona, “wait and  
bear for me

One last farewell to Ireland, e’er I slip  
From the sweet embrace of all I love  
On the fairest earth ’neath the dear  
God’s heaven above!

“O say to Ireland this for me: ‘I give  
My heart to you,—my young heart  
torn with grief.

The days are bleak, for I can never live  
One other spring where elders are in  
leaf.

The Night will bring the stars and Dawn  
the dew,

But I’ll be exiled from my bright heaven  
—you!’

“O tell my Ireland, gull, ’tis many the  
time

I’ll think I hear the hiding meadow-  
lark

Waiting like some mute bard to burst in  
rhyme.

I’ll hear the thrush’s song at early  
dark

In that far, azure world of his where he  
Has stars to harken to his minstrelsy.

“I’ll see Lough Derrig when the breath  
of June

Wakes gentle laughter on her placid  
face;

When low she whispers of a still, warm  
noon

Sweet words to the green rush that  
bows with grace

To kiss her cooling lips; when the white  
swan

Dreams on her bosom in mid-summer  
dawn.

“The rings of green the romping fairies  
make

Will deck my dream fields when I muse  
apart.

The shamrock, nestling close to earth,  
will take

For dew the tears of my poor home-  
sick heart.

I'll see, all fancy wrapt, the young wheat  
grow

Along the sloping ridges; then I'll know

“The summer's coming. Happy, happy  
gull,

Fly on and on through violet dusk!  
Yet hear

Me as you go: Ah, many a day the dull  
Regret will come to me! Ah, many  
the tear

Will dim my eyes that I can hear no  
more

The dancing feet upon the earthen floor!

“O tell my Ireland, bird, going home  
from sea,  
Like a brown-faced fisherman unto his  
mate,  
That I will yearn for her the years to be,  
As if some lover, heart-broken, at the  
gate,  
Waiting his love until his tired eyes  
burn:  
His dead love gone who never will re-  
turn.

“O say not: other skies are just as blue  
As hers; that elsewhere stately rivers  
flow  
To music oceanward; that the gray dew  
Sweetens a million fields where violets  
blow!

Swift gull, were every land for loveliness

As famed as heaven, I'd love my own  
not less."

. . . . .

When some sweet song we love has died  
away

We listen, hearing every note again.  
So Mona fancies, still dark wings play  
Wafting the swift gull o'er the misty  
main.

When night at last falls o'er the purple  
waves

She turns from Carrig, hill of kingly  
graves.

## TO THE POET

Sing us a song for the wide world to  
hear,

Weighted with meaning and moving in  
time;

One with a lilt to it haunting the ear  
Whose thought billows break on the  
rock of a rime.

Lift us a song like the wave on the reef  
Bemoaning lost Dead since the ages  
have rolled;

Not long, for the fire of the feeling is  
brief

And the word to express it is rarer  
than gold.

Something not written by pedagogue  
law

With syllables marshalled for critics  
to scan :

Alas for the trifles with hardly a flaw,  
That never go home to the heart of a  
man !

Sing us a song like the boom of the sea  
Whose surges have sung with the  
dawning of time.

Sing us a song for the ages to be,  
And the ages will pardon a lapse in  
the rime.

## LINCOLN

Son of a rugged soil, a rugged clime,  
The clamoring small man wearied thee  
with noise:  
The clamoring small man, servile of his  
time,  
Shook not thy native righteousness,  
thy poise.

God raised thee out among the growing  
fields,  
And taught thee strength in cold and  
torrid sun.

No weakling thou who wavers and then  
yields,  
And leaves a work of centuries undone.

God gave thee to this nation in the hour  
Expediency and Right did beckon  
thee.

Right was thy portion, and the millions  
shower  
Their benediction through the years  
to be.

## MOTHER OF ART

Thy Raphael dreaming of an earthly  
face,

Inspired of thee, a heavenly beauty  
sought;

Thy Michaelangelo on marble  
wrought,

And hewed a Moses of heroic grace;

Thy sainted Gregory, who mused  
apace,

Heard angel melodies from heaven  
brought;

Thy Dante in his lonely exile caught  
The highest message sung of any race.

Through all the ages they have learned  
of thee,

The painter, sculptor, singer, poet,—  
all

Carved on the roll of immortality.

These to the inner temple didst thou  
call

Where Thought sits silent in a place  
apart

And gives a life, a meaning, unto Art.

## IF SORROW COME

If Sorrow come and knock upon thy  
door,

Make haste and open to her, though  
she bring

A summons asking the most precious  
thing

Of all thy treasures; e'en though never-  
more

Life wear the roseate splendor once it  
wore;

Though loves be cleft in twain; yea,  
though she fling

Black dark about thee all the day, or  
sting  
Thy heart like scorpions to the very  
core.

Christ's feet were bathed by Sorrow at  
the feast;  
Sorrow received His blessed features  
on  
The dolorous way; she followed  
Him beside  
The moonlit sea; beloved of men the  
least,  
He loved her best, set her apart as one  
Worthy to walk beside Him till He  
died.

## OUR LADY OF THE DOME

Star-crowned, the crescent hung below  
thy feet,  
In stormy dark I have beheld thy light  
Far shining. Then I dreaded not the  
sight  
Of haunting shapes that men in darkness  
meet. [greet  
Nor yet less glad thy lighted Dome I  
When God has flung his jewels o'er  
the night,  
When 'neath the young moon, throned  
in purple height,  
The June fields, wet with dew, are clover  
sweet.

O thou, fair Lady, brighter than all thy  
stars,

Out of thy radiance make my life less  
dark!

I do not ask thee morn with rose-red  
bars

Adown the east; nor dews, nor singing  
lark.

No, only night, and vigil, storm and  
stress,

With thee in thy dear heaven to light  
and bless!

## MY PRAYER

God of the day, the sleeping world  
awakes

And dawn finds millions on a purpose  
bent;

God of the night, the wasting heat is  
spent

And stars are trembling over breeze-  
blown lakes;

God of the sea, no billow ever breaks  
On any shore but follows Thy intent;  
God of the sky, when cloudful and  
storm-rent,

We think of all Thy suffering for our  
sakes.

God over all, a feeble cry is mine;

Yet hear in pity as I breathe my  
prayer:

Teach me to fear Thee ever who art  
just,

To call Thee Father, knowing Thee be-  
nign,

To keep Thy image with me every-  
where,

To copy Thee, remembering I am  
dust.

## IN HER EXILE

Out of my bondage, in the dying day,  
Heart-worn, I seek the joyless tene-  
ment;  
The air is heavy grown with sickening  
scent  
Of underworlds. Nowhere a leaf-strewn  
way,  
Sun-touched and sweet with song, where  
children play.  
Squalor I see; the blessed twilight rent  
With strange, deep oaths and cries of  
discontent;  
Then over all, a sky of matted gray.

But when you come with healing, wingéd  
Sleep,  
You waft me over seas where summer  
bloom  
Is on the hedges. Ah, the happy  
thrush  
Pipes to the morn, and all the young  
broods keep  
Down with the shamrocks nestling in  
the gloom!  
I kiss the dewy earth, my heart  
ahush.

## THE LEGEND OF THE HARP

They fought a great battle  
Long, long years ago  
On the plains of Mag Tured,—  
That's in Ireland, you know.

The De Danaan invaders,  
With long golden hair,  
Were fighting the blue-eyed  
Formorians there.

The Formorians were conquered  
And fled from the fray,  
But stole a gold harp  
From the victors away.

Then wept the bard Dagda,  
With locks white as snow:  
“What is victory, O chieftains,  
My harp with the foe?

“What is life, O my chieftains,  
When silent is song?  
What is war when the bard  
Bears no gold harp along?”

Every chief's yellow spear  
Bright flashed to the moon,  
And they swore by the harp  
They would capture it soon.

A few chosen warriors  
Sped into the night  
With Dagda the harper,  
And sought for the light,—

The light where Formorians  
    Made feast in their hall,  
And pledged to the harp  
    Where it hung from the wall.

Light glimmers: all follow,  
    But pause by the door,  
And hear the wild pledges  
    They pledge o'er and o'er.

Then Dagda, the white-haired,  
    The master of song,  
Calls aloud to his harp,  
    And it leaps o'er the throng;

It leaps to his arms,—  
    The child of his soul;  
He plucks at the strings  
    And sweet melodies roll.

First a low wail of sorrow  
That wakens up tears:  
The chieftains are silent,  
And rest on their spears.

Next a wild hymn of gladness;  
And many and long  
Are the shouts of them all  
'Neath the spell of that song.

Last the bard plucks the strings  
To music of sleep,  
And there falls such a calm  
As the calm on the deep.

Every eye waxes heavy,  
Every head sinks to rest;  
Then Dagda steals home,  
The harp close to his breast.

## LAUREEN

What a time they had to give her a  
name

That would suit such a baby girl!  
Some ventured to say they should christen her May,  
Or Ethna or Grace or Pearl.

But auntie spoke up: "There's a beautiful name

Of all Irish names the queen;  
'Tis the pride of the West in the Isle of  
the Blest,  
And the symbol of peace—Laureen."

Sure 'tis only a month and a day or two  
Since the light of the sun she's seen;  
But after a year, if you walk along here,  
Take a look at the young Laureen.

Faith 'tis big you'll be then, so your  
mother's arms  
Will be tired from the weight of you;  
But she'll watch you and kiss, and see  
heaven's bliss  
In your child-eyes of Irish blue.

Yes, you're a wee one now, and your  
baby feet  
Can't race o'er the flowery green;  
But, please God, in a year, if they come  
around here,  
You'll be big for your age, Laureen!

## TO THE HOLY KINGS

The sands of the desert were bare to  
them

In the light of the Star that shone;  
But the desolate land looked fair to  
them,

Nor offered the sign of a care to them,  
Who wandered their way alone.

In the western sky is a light to them,  
Sending its beams afar.

In their hearts is a song; 'tis so bright  
to them,

Ah, 'twill never again be night to them,  
In the wake of the guiding Star!

Men of the East, we pray to you—

Ye Kings of the long ago,—

That the Star which shone like the day  
to you

May lead us the surest way to you

Who the King of the Ages know!

## A LITTLE KINDLY DEED

Mary was a little girl about as big as  
you,

And when her birthday came along she  
wondered what she'd do.

Papa gave her money and mamma gave  
her more :

Now, what she was to buy with it she  
pondered o'er and o'er.

With some she thought she'd have a  
feast for all her little friends,

And then with some she'd get a doll and  
lots of odds and ends ;

Whatever was left over—she knew there  
would be some—

Why, that she'd put away, she thought,  
for rainy days to come.

Now, Mary was not selfish, but this is  
very clear:

Of birthdays little girls can have one  
only in the year.

Besides, they always told her it was  
specially her day;

For mamma called her Mary when she  
came to her in May.

At last the wished-for morning dawned,  
and you should see the sun!

It shone so much more brightly than it  
e'er before had done;

And flowers all were nodding salutations  
in the breeze,  
And every bird was singing "Happy  
birthday!" in the trees.

She went to town with mamma to buy  
ice-cream and cake  
And oranges and candy, and everything  
they make  
Especially for little girls when birth-  
days come around.  
Then mamma went off shopping when  
for Mary she had found  
The Greek store where the candies were;  
there told her to remain  
And choose her birthday sweets and  
things till she returned again.

There were sixty kinds of candy and  
thirty kinds of cake,  
And Mary liked them all so well she  
knew not which to take.

And, then, the ice-cream fountain and  
the fruits of every hue!  
She thought it was the *sweetest* place;  
and so, I'm sure, would you.  
But while her blue eyes roved about the  
splendors of the store,  
A black-eyed little cripple boy came hob-  
bling through the door.

His face was very pinched and white,  
and thin and long his hair;  
His shoes were old and broken, and  
patched up here and there.

“I want some fruit for mamma,” he told  
the waiting man.

“I have a nickel; here it is; please give  
me all you can.”—

“A nickel, boy! And fruit so high!  
Your bargain doesn’t suit.”—

“But mamma’s sick, and doctor said  
she’d have to get some fruit.”—

“I’m sorry for your mamma, boy; and  
sorry, boy, for you;  
But fruit is very high this year: a nickel  
will not do.”—

“Then mamma can’t have fruit, I  
guess.” He wiped away a tear.—

“I’m sorry for your mamma, boy; but  
fruit is high this year.”

Now Mary was no longer shy, nor gazed  
about the store,  
But rushed up to the counter which the  
poor boy stood before.

“Why, here’s my purse of money!”—  
she forced it in his hand;  
“Just buy your mamma all the fruit  
and cakes and things so grand;  
For, though it is my birthday, we were  
told the other day  
It’s better give to others than from  
others take away.”

He took the purse and looked at her, an  
angel of the skies,  
And tears of tender gratitude were  
streaming from his eyes.

He thanked her o'er and o'er again, then  
passed through crowded ways  
With fruit for his sick mother that would  
last her many days.

Now Mary's heart was strangely glad  
for that sweet, kindly deed,  
And in her soul a gentle peace was sown  
like precious seed.  
But mamma when she heard it all wept  
silently apart,  
And took up little Mary's form and held  
her to her heart.

She kissed that rosy face of hers a hundred times and more,  
And called her "Treasure!" "Heart's  
delight!" and "Dearest!" o'er  
and o'er.

Her birthday was a grand affair, and  
how her parents smiled  
Each time they looked at Mary, their  
own “hearts’ delight,” their  
child!

## MARGERY MAY

Yes, dark it is outside on the street,  
Not a sign of the sun all day;  
But what do I care and herself over  
there—

The light of me, Margery May!

O the rogue you are, with your coaxing  
smile,

So you'll sit on my lap this way!  
The blue of the skies is alough in your  
eyes—

The joy of me, Margery May!

They tell me 'tis like myself you are:  
To please me they talk that way;

But let them be gone with their carrying  
on—

The heart of me, Margery May!

Margery, Margery, sun of my life,

You were sent to me Dolors' Day!

O Queen of doles seven, from your  
throne up in heaven,

Bless my darling, my Margery May!

## THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE

He clasped her in a fond embrace,—

The stars were dying out.

She watched for long, and then her face

Was clouded o'er with doubt.

“Cold sea,” she moaned, “you take my  
love

For all the lonely day!

Dear winds, be calm! Sweet stars above,

Make bright the darksome way!”

At eve she went back to the shore:

No star was in the sky;

Around the rocks the winds made roar,

The waves were rolling high.

“Ah, cruel sea, that holds my love!

And fickle winds to me!

Ah, faithless stars, that hide above,

Nor light the stormy sea!”

. . . . .

Grey dawn: a boat cast far on land,—

Men hurry to the place.

A woman chafes an icy hand

And kisses a white face.

## LADY DAY IN IRELAND

Through the long August day, mantled  
blue with a sky of Our Lady,  
They are there at the well from the  
dawn till the sea birds go home;  
And the trees bending down with broad  
leaves offer spots that are shady,  
Where the heart is at rest, sighing  
prayers till the shadows are come.

The brown beads and the crucifix pass in  
procession through fingers  
That are pale as the snow or are hard-  
ened from labor and pain.

In each *Ave* they whisper the deep Celtic  
tenderness lingers,  
Like a sweet phrase in song that is  
echoed and echoed again.

Marching down the white road with the  
sun in the noon of his splendor  
Are the children, with joy in the blue  
of their innocent eyes;  
In their hearts is a song, breaking forth  
into words that are tender,  
Unto her with the gold of the stars and  
the blue of the skies.

In the still summer air there's a chorus  
of minstrelsy breaking,  
There are flashes of gold with a flutter  
and waving of wings:

Mary's birds are they, come with the  
dawn, all the green woods forsak-  
ing,

Every heart in them breaking for love  
with the message it brings.

Through the calm August day, with Our  
Lady's blue sky far above them,  
And beyond the grey mountains where  
slumbers the Irish green sea,  
There they speak to her, weep while they  
pray to her, beg her to love them,  
Till beyond the bright stars where  
their home and their treasure  
shall be.

## ST. PATRICK'S TREASURE

Called son by many lands,

Thou art a father unto one.

Of all these mothers claiming thee,

By honored titles naming thee,

We ask: Where is thy priceless birth-  
right gone?

That blessed faith of thine,

They mothering thee have sold.

But she, thy daughter dutiful,

Has kept thy treasure beautiful

Through many sorrows in her heart of  
gold.

## THE SOUL OF THE SHAMROCK

Plucked from her earth at the brink of  
day,

Every leaf a-drip with the mountain  
dew,

What vine can match that emerald  
hue?

What rose is half so sweet as you?  
Plucked out of Ireland's heart away,  
Green Shamrock!

Beyond the seas by a trembling hand,  
The leaves are upgathered one by one:  
The green of their mountain home is  
gone,

And the dew the sunbeams flashed  
upon,—  
Is your soul fled home to your own dear  
land,  
Brown Shamrock?

Yes, your soul is fled home to your Inis  
Fail,  
Athirst for the dew of her morning  
sky!  
Fled home where the thrush sings wild  
and high,  
Where daisies like stars on June fields  
lie,  
To roam with the fairies through grove  
and dale,  
Sweet Shamrock!

Symbol of Erin, 'tis many the one  
Will be glad to-day at sight of you!

Will muse on the hills their childhood  
knew,  
Will kiss your dead leaves for Ire-  
land, too!  
And their love will go back where your  
soul is gone,  
Dead Shamrock!

TO A DEAD PRIEST

(M. J. R.)

You, laboring long and patiently,

Aweary grew at last;

Then sank to rest so silently

We scarcely knew you past.

Gentle your ways, kindly your heart,

You loved the simple things;

In quiet joys you took a part,

Nor relished murmurings

Of envious spirits; ne'er your tongue

An idle gossip told

Of any brother. You lived among

A few friends made of old.

You joyed in summer sun and breeze,  
And calm of starry sheen,  
And young Spring clothing all the  
trees  
At earliest dawn with green.

Men say the dead are all forgot  
Once they are resting low;  
That one short, narrow earthen plot,  
O'er which wild grasses grow,  
Hides them from lingering memory.  
Not all the treasured dead  
Thus pass and are no more to be;  
A few still hear the tread  
Their footsteps made in days of yore.  
Their long-loved voices, too,  
Leave echoes when the song is o'er.  
Their generous hearts, as true

As gold, fire-tried, can never rust.

The good that sink in sleep,  
Their bones may crumble unto dust—  
Their loves will always keep.

You, laboring long and silently,  
Aweary grew at last;  
But here your immortality  
Is anchored sure and fast.  
Time and time's dole of pain and fret  
Are fled like starless night;  
But you, grown ever young, have met  
The Vision and the Light.

## THE LIGHT OF THEIR LIFE

Mother, they lie in the deep,  
Or out in the wind-swept plains.  
What matters how long or where they  
sleep?  
The Light of their Life remains.

Mother, the Light of their life,  
They died with their eyes to thee!  
What matters how: by rope, by knife?  
Or sunk in the weedy sea?

Mother, thy nameless dead  
Are abroad in the houseless plains!  
But the God of their anguish is over-  
head  
And the Light of their Life remains!

## THE PERFECT PEACE

Tiny hands, a chubby face,

Wayward curls no brush can comb ;

Playing with sand in a sunny place

Beyond the gate of a cottage home.

Little feet in the shifting sand,

Stray not far from the cottage gate!

Follow the wave of the beckoning hand,

List to the voice that bids thee wait!

Two blue eyes, so still, so deep,

They hide more meanings than the sea.

With silent night comes the hush of  
sleep

And tired lids seal the **mystery**.

King on the throne of a mother's breast,  
Fed on the love of a mother's kiss,  
Where, but beyond in God's own rest,  
Is found more perfect peace than this?

## THE PERFECT SERVICE

God gives us each a little work to do—

Oh! do it with a will!

Nor murmur one regret the whole day  
through,

Because the duty given unto you

Seems lowly to fulfill.

Whether 'neath torrid sun in harvest  
field,

Amid the yellow grain,

You reap and gather in the rich, ripe  
yield;

Whether in forest tall the axe you  
wield,

You labor not in vain.

If, buried in the ditches dark and deep,  
You lift the heavy clay,  
Repine not! Night will come and bring  
you sleep  
And gentle breathing; and fatigue will  
keep  
Disturbing dreams away.

Render as perfect service as you can,  
Heeding not *What* but *How*.  
In God's great mind a king is but a man,  
Filling a throne in His eternal plan,  
A crown upon his brow.

No toil is lowly to the mind of God:  
Singer and king and sage,  
He with the grimy face, he who must  
plod,  
Whose hot sweat drips upon the burning  
sod,  
Are paid eternal wage.

Glory forever to the God of Right

Ye toiling sons proclaim!

And this your prayer through busy  
hours of light,

And this your dream through silent  
hours of night—

Blessed be His Sacred Name!

## KNOCKANARE

I know the bogs back in Knockanare:  
    'Tis lonesome they are, that I'll tell  
        you true;  
    There's ne'er a green bush in miles of  
        the view,  
    Nor a daisy to lift up the heart in you.  
O lonesome, lonesome Knockanare!

'Tis always raining in Knockanare:  
    The mists they hide the sun in the sky,  
    The tears they hide the light in your  
        eye.  
    Ah, 'tis glad you'd be to say good-bye  
To misty, misty Knockanare!

I know the cabins in Knockanare:

The doors are small and the windows  
few,

The roofs are old so the rain comes  
through, [too.

The cold wind moans in the chimneys  
O rainy, rainy Knockanare!

I know the people of Knockanare:

There's never a smile on a single face,  
They haven't the airy heart of the  
race,

The light of them dies in the dark of  
the place.

O gloomy, gloomy Knockanare!

Poor, wasting hearts back in Knock-  
anare!

Your ears are deaf from the fall of  
the rain,

Your eyes are blind from looking in  
vain

For the smile of the sun in the sky  
again,

In dreary, dreary Knockanare!

But God loves the people of Knock-  
anare;

Believe what I say, for I tell you true.  
Their sighs are many, their smiles are  
few.

“Sure God is so good,” still they’ll  
answer you,

“To bother at all about Knockanare!”

## THE HEART OF THE WIND

The wind's tread is soft: he never  
    crushes the lily that blows;  
His sandals are sweet with the perfume  
    they lift from the heart of the rose.

He eases the fevered pulse, brings bloom  
    to the pallid face;  
To the toiler hot at the furnace front he  
    carries a grace.

✧  
In the summer dawn he quickens the  
    meadow lark into song,  
He shakes the dew from drowsy poppies,  
    sweeping along.

When he glides o'er the ripening grain  
it rolls at his touch like the sea;  
The woods are his organ with notes as  
deep as eternity.

He's abroad on the hills at the warm  
noon hour, when the sun on high  
Shines like a spotless Host from the  
altar blue of the sky.

He glides along the valleys where violets  
dream in the shade,  
Or beats about dark caves with the roll  
of cannonade.

He rushes upon the waters, they leap on  
the rocks at his lash;  
Or he bounds away o'er treeless plains  
at hurricane dash.

The heart of the wind? Who knows?

To me 'tis a heart that's strange:  
I've felt its caress as soft as a child's,  
and seen it change

To the rough hand of the man who,  
weary grown, loves you no more,  
Who never kisses you now when he bids  
you good-bye at the door,  
Nor stops to look back through the mist  
in his eyes as he used to of yore.

The wind's tread is soft as the panther  
that steals on his prey;  
But he changes a thousand times like a  
wayward child at play.

For he will caress you and coax you  
away to a mountain that's steep,  
And then his heart will grow wild and  
he'll blow you into the deep.

Often he speaks in a whisper, and often  
his voice is a roar;  
He has saved a million lives, and  
wrecked a million more.

The wind's heart! I have wooed it long  
on the houseless plain,  
And when my head was afire I know it  
eased my pain,  
For I caught in its breath the smell of  
the salt from the rolling main.

The wind's heart, like the heart of the  
world, is working His will:  
A peace is over it now, to-morrow its  
roarings may fill  
The Sea; but He is abroad on the waters  
to bid them be still.

## THE VISION OF THE NIGHT

Clouds, like angel wings, sail under the  
blue,

Half revealing angel faces;  
Stars, like angel eyes, are peering  
through

From the depths of cloudless spaces.

They gaze at God in a manger, glory-  
stripped,

A Babe in His Mother's keeping!  
The crest of His rock-hewn cave is  
tipped

With their light, while the world is  
sleeping.

And Thou art God, infant-limbed, pa-  
tiently still,

Come out of Thy measureless glory!  
And Thou hast lifted us out of the  
depths, until

We seem like the gods of story!

Infinite God, made human by infinite  
love,

See the wings of Night outspreading!  
See the myriad eyes of Night from their  
heaven above

A golden radiance shedding!

## THE IRISH JUNE

See the daisies shining in fields all  
over,

Hear the young thrush singing!  
From the meadow near by catch the  
smell o' the clover  
That the wind is bringing.

Back in the west hear the deep, full  
river,

The heart in him beating.  
The reeds by the side of him toss and  
quiver,  
The breezes greeting.

The wheat so tall in the ridges growing  
Will soon be earing;  
And look at the stalks since the April  
sowing,  
With their blossoms peering!

Now thanks be to God for the blue sky  
bending  
So bright above us!  
We know from the promising days He's  
sending  
He continues to love us.

## EARLY MASS IN IRELAND

The sloe is on the thorn  
This holy Sunday morn,  
The cornerake is hidin' in the grass.  
There's the bell within the steeple,  
Sends a message to the people  
To be kneelin' when the priest begins the  
Mass.

The scythe is put away,  
An' the sun in heaven this day  
Is gildin' all the meadows that you pass.  
Hurry through the chapel gates,  
Sure 'tis God Himself who waits  
For the people when the priest begins  
the Mass!

The dew is on the corn  
This blessed Sunday morn,  
The daisies dance before me on the  
grass.

How my old heart beats with feelin',  
'Tis so full of joy when kneelin'  
Near the railin' when the priest begins  
the Mass!

Rockin' gently to and fro,  
Sayin' sweet old prayers I know,  
On the beads that through my tremblin'  
fingers pass.

Don't ye smile at me, my dears,  
If I can't keep back the tears,  
Near the railin' when the priest begins  
the Mass.

## NOVEMBER

Gray is the sky this November weather,  
Dead are the grasses that used to  
grow.

'Tis bleak, for the wind is about on the  
heather,

With never a tree for a mile or so.

But a man can dream when the wind is  
wailing,

And in the hush of it look on high,  
Where the troubled clouds down the sky  
are sailing,

Till they vanish out of his life and die.

'Tis the dusk of the day, and the night  
will follow;

The rooks for their forest home are  
bound.

Hear the wind's swish through the hedge  
in the hollow!

Hear the dead leaves whirling round  
and round!

A man has his dreams this November  
weather,

Out in the dusk where the chill winds  
blow.

Sweet is the smell from the heart of the  
heather—

A fragrance remembered from long  
ago!

## THE SECOND SPRING

Comes the Spring with quickening  
breath

To that lowly place of death  
Up the crumbling walls the slender ivy  
creeps;

Every bud has life again,  
From the healing of the rain,  
Where he sleeps.

Summertime, the thistle blooms  
In among the tottering tombs,  
Unseen beneath the weeds the violet  
keeps;

As the great oaks sway and swing,  
World-old Requiems they sing,  
Where he sleeps.

Down among the grasses tall,  
Saffron leaves in Autumn fall.  
In the damp 'neath fallen stones the  
lizard creeps.  
The tombs are bent and hoary,  
Time has blotted out their story,  
Where he sleeps.

In the Winter, night winds roll,  
Like the wailing of a soul  
That a vision of the Glory vainly seeks.  
In the sky a murky cloud  
Hides the pale moon like a shroud,  
Where he sleeps.

Memory goes there all the year,  
Winter's gloom, or Summer's cheer,  
Where the thistle blossoms and the liz-  
ard creeps.

Then will come the Second Spring,  
And the dust will wake and sing  
Where he sleeps.

## CREELA BAY

'Tis a mile away to Creela town,  
Where the river runs beside;  
And you can watch the seaweed cots  
Sail up the salty tide.

When the wind is fresh of an early hour,  
With the tang of the ocean gray,  
Go sailing down from Creela town,  
And out to Creela Bay.

For Creela Bay is blue and deep,  
With a moaning sea behind;  
And beyond the sea, who knows what be,  
Except the raging wind?

Ah, come and stop at Creela town!—

'Tis easy to find the way,—

And sit on the hill when the day is still,

For the sight of Creela Bay.

You'll have a joy for the after years,

So you'll stop on the street and say:

“ 'Tis hot out here, but never you fear,

I can dream of Creela Bay.”

## GOLDEN JUBILEE WISH

Fair School, may every golden year that  
shines

In thy bright crown of fifty, symbolize  
A worthy service; like long-cellar'd  
wines,

May Time but mellow thee; may lovely  
skies

Shine over thee in Spring, when all the  
days

Are busy keeping count of peeping  
buds;

In Summer, when the fitful sunlight  
plays

Across tree shadows in the leafy  
woods;

In pensive Autumn when the smell of  
leaves,

Late fallen, makes the dreamer's heart  
beat fast

For happy days thick-strewn with  
memories.

And may thy sky be fair when late, at  
last,

Comes Winter, spreading white his  
shroud of snow.

Bright days be thine through seasons  
still untold,

And may thy sunset be of rose and  
gold!

## THE CRY OF THE HEART

'Tis lonesome here and home so far  
away,—

Here on the plains with only memo-  
ries

Of golden days, when like a bird of prey  
I flew about the hills and caught the  
breeze.

Young was I then, and Sorrow had not  
doled

Her legacy of sighs and heartaches  
too.

I had a father : he was brave and bold,  
Yet gentle as your sister is to you.

I had a mother: she was young and tall,  
With large, dark eyes. Together we  
would play  
Above the daisies; she would sing, and  
call  
Each passing bird by name; then she  
would say  
Some words about the flowers that come  
and go  
In Ireland, but never seem to grow  
In far-away Wyoming.

Have you sat silent at the close of day  
And looked across the wide plains all  
forlorn?  
Ah! if you have, there is no need to  
say  
All my wild longings when my heart  
is torn.

My father died a-sudden in the field  
One harvest day : they said 'twas heart  
disease,  
As if the knowledge would some comfort  
yield  
To her whose widowed heart no tear  
might ease!  
A little, and she followed him to God  
Like some fair flower that droops in  
summer's sun.  
And now together 'neath the dark brown  
sod  
Of Irish earth they sleep, in death still  
one;  
While I, the houseless one, from year  
to year  
Follow the free herds of the plains out  
here  
In far-away Wyoming!

Have you felt yearning for a father's  
care?

Have you felt thirsting for a mother's  
tears?

Then you must know, and surely you will  
share

My yearning and my thirsting down  
the years,

Alone out here, where God seems far  
away,

Where the sweet prayers you know  
are seldom said,

Where Sunday seems like any other day,

Where the same endless round of life  
is led.

I miss the prayerful greeting when men  
come,

I miss their prayerful parting when  
they go ;

I hear no Angelus at set of sun  
    Calling the heart to prayer with chim-  
        ing low.  
Sometimes I say: "Dear God, O let me  
    die  
Here where my every breath is like a  
    sigh,  
        In far-away Wyoming!"

I've lain upon the ground a summer  
    night,  
    When every star was leaping in the  
        sky,  
When the moon softened all the land  
    with light,  
    And dreamed myself at home again.  
    Each sigh  
Of wind brought back a golden memory  
    From long-lost vistas of my boyhood  
        days.

I dreamed the daisies shone in front of  
me,

The shamrocks grew beside untrodden  
ways,

Forever faithful and forever green,—

The symbol of the race. Then I  
awoke:

The shamrocks and the daisies were un-  
seen,

And all the splendor of the vision  
broke!

A thousand dreams have stood before  
my view,

To vanish, vanish—never to come true,

In far-away Wyoming.

“Some day!” my heart pants in its  
feverish beat;

“Some day!” my eyes say, filled with  
hopeful tears.

“Some day will turn the exile’s wander-  
ing feet!”

Says Memory, looking back across the  
years.

The wheat will all be yellow on the land,  
The shamrocks will lie close beneath  
the grass,

The tide that scatters seaweed on the  
strand

Will sing “a thousand welcomes”  
when I pass.

Dear God, to see the green hills of the  
child,

The man prays here upon the houseless  
wild,

In far-away Wyoming!











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